

May that day soon come, is the prayer of your
other,
SAMUEL LEWIS.
Christian Press.

Owing to the unparalleled draft upon our resources, during the past year, on account of the unexampled sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, a large number of most valuable manuscripts were obliged to be untouched in our safe, waiting a favourable moment to appear in print. We have availed ourselves of the earliest moment, and now offer them to the readers of good books. Most of them are issued. Those still in press will be published speedily.

The Silent Land.

Or, Leaves or Consolation for the Afflicted.

By MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. This volume is a compilation from the best prose writers and poets of America and England, of their most beautiful pieces, for the solace of those who mourn the loss of dear friends. Price, \$1.

The Shady Side;

Or, Life in a Country Parsonage.

By a PASTOR'S WIFE. This volume is designed, in a measure, as a contrast to that charming little book, "Sunny Side," and we doubt not that it will meet with quite as favourable a reception as that work. It is written in an admirable style, and the author commences its perusal will hardly be able to stop until he has gone through. Price, 75 cents.

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Translated from the GERMAN by MRS. WILSON. This most interesting work contains the history of the last days of this distinguished man, and the account of his numerous interviews and conversations with his pastor, Munter, through whose instrumentality he was led to abandon his skepticism, and embrace the religion of Jesus. Price, 62 cents.

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A portion of this most admirably written volume of Meditations on the last hours of our Saviour upon earth was published some years since, and met with great favor from the religious public. The work has been re-written, and very much enlarged, and is again offered to the community. We would not say a word in its commendation to those who have read the volume as originally published. To those who love to go with the Redeemer of men, to meditate in the garden of Gethsemane, on the night of Obedience, or by the sea wall, this volume will afford a vein of sacred thought. Price, \$1.

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We have just issued the third volume in a series of the writings of this venerable and eloquent man, as has been lately said of him by some one, "the father of more brains than any other man in the country." This volume contains the View of Theology, and his celebrated Address for Heresy, before the Presbytery and Synod of Cincinnati, with a superb steel Portrait, by Andrews. Price, \$1. No Clergymen's library is complete without Dr. Beecher's writings.

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Illustrated with 50 superb designs by Billings, engraved by Baker, Smith & Andrews. This volume is a most valuable and elegant in its composition, being one of the finest productions of its accomplished author, is offered to the public in this most attractive form, and with great favor from the religious public. The work has been re-written, and very much enlarged, and is again offered to the community. We would not say a word in its commendation to those who have read the volume as originally published. To those who love to go with the Redeemer of men, to meditate in the garden of Gethsemane, on the night of Obedience, or by the sea wall, this volume will afford a vein of sacred thought. Price, \$1.

Philosophy of Mysterious Rappings,

Or, the Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man.

By DR. E. C. ROGERS.

A learned and philosophical exposure of the modern belief in spiritual manifestations, showing most conclusively, that we need not go to the spirit world to account for those things, but that they can all be explained by human agency, and the philosophical principles of the human mind. This volume contains rappings read this able and conclusive work. Price, \$1.

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We need not inform the community of the work from Mr. Spooner's legal world to be one of great respect and learning—his logical acuteness as a writer is too well known. This, his last, and perhaps his greatest, effort, on the Trial by Jury, is destined to create a revolution in the minds of the community, and will learn their rights and duties from it, and also learn to what an alarming extent their rights have been encroached upon. It is a book for the people, and a candid perusal. Price, \$1.25 in cloth; \$1.50 in sheep.

German Uncle Tom,

Translated by J. P. JEWETT.

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The English language has been translated in praise of this unrivaled tale; and this translation into the German language we believe will be as popular among the large German population in this country.

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Humorous, Grave and Witty.

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There are hours when men need relaxation from the stern labors of life, both bodily and mental. In these seasons, nothing so refreshing as a volume of anecdotes, and a good many of them, to relieve the mind. Price, \$1.

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Ready in April.

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This work is now being translated into German, by one of our best German scholars, and will be issued soon after the publication of the English edition.

Writings of Prof. B. Edwards, D. D.

By REV. PROF. PARK, D. D.

With a Memoir, by Dr. Park.

This work, which has been unavoidably delayed, will be issued in two volumes, 12mo, about the 1st of April. The numerous admirers of Dr. Edwards will hail with pleasure this announcement, as it is a volume in which a man is an invaluable contribution to our literature, more particularly when compiled by so ripe a scholar as Dr. Park. The Memoir glows with all the fervor of the Editor.

Complete Encyclopedia of Music,

Assisted by JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., the learned and accomplished Editor of the Musical Standard.

This work will occupy an unexampled field, no such work ever having been compiled before, either in this country or in England. It will be a complete Dictionary of all Musical Terms, a History of the various Styles of Music, a complete Encyclopedia of the present, a Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass; a Description of all known Musical Instruments, and a complete Musical Biography, containing the names of all the great composers, and of more than 5,000 of the distinguished musical celebrities and composers, in one large royal 8vo. volume, or about 1,000 pages, double-columned, and in the hands of the Editor. The above valuable works are published by

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, Cleveland, Ohio.

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BOSTON, 1853.

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Now is the time to subscribe.—Published monthly, in a beautiful quarto. Illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene of the human body, with familiar illustrations to learners. It is especially a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all diseases.

TERMS.—Only One Dollar a Year, in advance. Address, post-paid, FOWLER & WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

The Water-Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health, always ready to straighten and plain-speak, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats.—New York Tribune.

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Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Literature.

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Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, should find this Journal a friend and a monitor, to encourage them to usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, and every man will find in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed.—PUBLISHERS.

The Liberty Bell for 1853.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. Price: gilt, \$1.25; plain, 75 cents.

poraries as the West Tennessee Democrat, a copy of which, dated March 3, having reached these enlightened regions, has been kindly furnished to us by a friend. In this journal, we find a most laudable review of a work now being published by the "Union and Temperance Society." The editor, who seems to have invested his whole capital both of literature and indignation in the essay, seems bound not only to write down the work, but to destroy it as well. The reviewer, however, is not so hasty, and is charged with having the most mischievous tendencies as being designed to sink the social relations of the slave population of the South, a level with the unlearned and penurious white of the North, the pious order at the same time, with all the faithfulness of a true son of the church, setting it down as "a sting at the Christian Religion in general, and Southern Methodism in particular."

We fear we should do injustice to that regard which the editor and those whose sentiments he expresses, feel for the Christian Religion, if we did not place in juxtaposition with these highly spiritual views, and as an excellent practical commentary upon their fervency, the following advertisements, which we copy from another column of the same journal, leaving appropriate references to be added by our readers, according to the several degrees of growth in grace:

I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the South-West. They can take the trail twelve hours after the negro has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just outside of Bolivar, on the road leading from Bolivar to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes. DAVID TURNER.

March 2, 1853.—Cincinnati Atlas.

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the exercise of a liberty which you will not deem unwarrantable, I am giving you, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble at Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853, under the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States. After he thought and acted upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free coloured people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their present condition, and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The aspects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile to the colour, or as being in favour of such a Convention. Both reason and feeling have assigned to us a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and slavery and caste on the other. We are not only bound to occupy without boasting ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and to regard the cause we profess to love. Under the whole sentiment, it is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our fellow-countrymen now in chains, to whom we are united in a common destiny, demand it, and a wide solicitude for our own honour, and that of our children, impel us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which we are bound to speak, and we are bound to have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of many virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the last. We are bound to have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of many virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the last. We are bound to have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of many virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the last.

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Organ, do not approve the action of the Brick Church meeting whereby women were excluded from all active participation in the movements preliminary to the World's Temperance Convention. The whole World's Convention is as fixed as any fact in the future can be.

—The Women of Franklin County, Ohio, have formed a Temperance Society, auxiliary to the Women's State Temperance Society.

OBITUARY.

JULIA LYON, daughter of Henry H. Lawson, of Berne, N. Y., and wife of John W. Lyon, died at her residence in Cleveland, N. Y., May 24, 1853, aged 47 years.

Mrs. Lyon, at an early age, was led into the "old path" of Truth, and followed the Holy Spirit. Her confidence in God was strong, her devotion to primitive Christianity unwavering, and her solicitude for the elevation of the race knew no death. Humanity had her prayers, her tears, and her labours. National boundaries, ecclesiastical lines of demarcation, were risen above, and untrammelled by, sectarianism or bigotry, wherever "a broken heart was to be bound" up. Wherever sympathy was to be felt, and wherever amelioration was demanded, there was her mission, and with the spirit of a martyr, she responded heartily to her impressive obligations. The slave found in her the spirit of a Wilberforce or a Clarkson. The hand of fellowship could not be given to any church, nor was she content with the "old path" of Truth, and followed the Holy Spirit. Her confidence in God was strong, her devotion to primitive Christianity unwavering, and her solicitude for the elevation of the race knew no death.

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IN NEED, AT CRANFORD.

[illegible][illegible]

(I praise be to God) were born here, and never to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of general intercourse between all nations, and any impression on our understandings? God forbid! Listen, O my soul! There is no wisdom in the belief in God. He created the world; shall we liken ourselves unto Him, in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? No, my soul, behold this star spinneth round and round, as if it were a ball, better and cometh than many years? Let it be!—The world will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say, me—Stand aside, O man! for I am more than thou art, and have seen more things;—I think that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I am, which I require not. Thou art learned in things I know not, and in things I know not, thou art a double life. Will thou seek paradise these eyes? Oh, my friend, if thou wilt be, y, say, 'There is no God but God.' I will and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death, rarely thou wilt come. The meek in spirit (Akia).—Imam Ali Zadi.

THE TIDINGS.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the cold, hard glass—
'Oh, let me pass;
For I have good news to tell,
The queen of the daisy dell,
The beautiful May, is born!'

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came the soft wind out of the skies;
And it said to my heart—'Arise!
Go forth from the winter's fire,
For the child of thy long desire,
The beautiful May, is born!'

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,
This sweet May morn,
O'er my meek heart—'Arise, my eyes;
And I said, with a glad surprise—
'Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twin,
O'er the hill and the dale,
Where the beautiful May is born.'

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn,
And the soft wind floated along,
Like a poet's song,
Warm from the sun and fresh from his brain;
And they led me o'er the mount and plain;
To the beautiful May new born.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
And me along o'er the grassy ground,
And I knew that joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the sky so gay,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,
This sweet May morn,
Among the blue waves hastily;
And they murmured—'Thou happy one!
Show us, O earth! thy darling child,
For we heard, far out on the ocean wild,
That the beautiful May was born.'

The winged fleet to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to flowers—'Prepare!
Lay thy nectarine bosom bare;
Full sun, full noon, thou must rock to rest,
And nurse and foam and seethe and breast,
The beautiful May now born!'

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went joyously on from bough to bough;
And it said to the red-branched pine—'O thou!
O'er my arm and my breast—'Prepare!
And with silver bells, thy coral stems,
For the beautiful May now born.'

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering flew;
And it said to the listening birds—'O you,
Sweet choristers of the skies,
Awaken your tenderest lullabies,
For the beautiful May now born.'

The white cold flow to the uttermost blue,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the reeds above;
The blessed news to the reeds above;
While its heart ceased in the midst of the grove,
And within my secret the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born!'

IN UNIVERSITY MAGNET.

EXTRAORDINARY JUGGLING FEAT.

Early part of the last century, a physician of the name of Radisson, in Germany, and great celebrity by reason of his discoveries, had made him as to the multiplication of branch, or even from a leaf, large forest of the course of an hour, through the sole intention of fire. He wrote several works on one of which was published at Amsterdam in 1720. *Agriculture parfaite, ou le Dessein d'une Colonie*. It has been supposed that the secrets of the Hindoo jugglers, who on the same line are of the most extraordinary character. They actually sow the seed of any spectators call for, in the earth, and, after a few minutes pronounced over it, a multitude of plants sprang up out of the ground, and grew up to the height of a tree, with a great fruit depending from its branches. Nor all. The fruit is plucked and given to the spectators to eat; and while he is engaged eating of the fruits, the branches of the trees are crowded with birds of every kind, which fill the air with their melody. A single tree, with its feathered inhabitants, disappears in an instant, leaving behind it no existence!

The author of the 'Oriental Annual,' an English work of unquestionable veracity, gives an admirable description of a juggling performance which he was present. The operator introduced to the middle of the circle a naked little boy, of a goodly age, in a wicker basket. He then, to all eyes, disappeared. The operator then entered into a conversation with her, which soon changed to a quarrel, and he began to speak in an angry tone; he threatens to kill her with a sword; he supplicates for mercy, and while she cries grow louder he plunges the weapon into her bosom two or three times successively. The boy, dyed with blood, while her agonizing groans were heard, the spectators are ready to break through the ranks to rescue her. He then, without a word, disappeared. The operator, in the mean time, was supposed to have been so from without, dressed in her usual attire, and as if nothing had happened to her! The performance was so extraordinary that that was the presence of the Mogul Emperor Jehangir, who gives an account of it in his autobiography. He describes a living man, who he saw, and they cut off in the first instance, and the limbs from the trunk, and the man lay on the ground for some time. A was then extended over the spot, and one of the performers putting himself under the curtain, and then again in a few minutes followed by another, who was supposed to have been so from without, disappeared.

The Mogul Majesty gives the following minute account of some other performances by the same juggler, which are very wonderful:—He took a small bag, and having first shown it as entirely empty, one of them put his hand into it, or withdrawing his hand again, out came a great quantity of gold and silver, and he immediately assumed a great and comely figure in force and fury that their wings emitted fire at every stroke. This continued for the space of an hour, when they put an end to it by throwing a sheet over the animals, and then withdrew the sheet, and there appeared a great number of the most brilliant and numerous of the human race, dressed in human shape, and when again withdrawn, in the shape of worms with the same sort of fire, as they were heard to use on the hill-side. They were now thrown, as in the other instance, into the air, and when again withdrawn, instead of the beautiful birds, there appeared two hundred and thirty heads and crimson wings, with open mouth, and cried out in a hoarse voice, attacked each other with the greatest force, so continued to do, until, as it appeared, they quite exhausted, when they fell asunder. They made an excavation in the earth, in the shape of a reservoir of considerable dimensions, and then they proceeded to fill with water, and were so, and they spread a covering over it, and after a short interval, having removed the water appeared to be one sheet of fire, which that some of the elephant-keepers desired to lead the elephants across. Accordingly, the elephants, which were in the